

ESTATE ACTIVITIES IN WAR-TIME: A Visit to Basildon. (Illustrated.)

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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SATURDAY, JULY 20th, 1918.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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## THE BEST CROP OF THE YEAR

IN spite of the many tales that are told about failure on the newly ploughed land, the harvest prospects for this year are highly favourable. The best crop is the most important—that is to say, wheat. Fortunately, the practice prevails of putting in this cereal in autumn, and autumn-sown crops this year have done remarkably well. The reason is obvious. The winter passed without those torrents of rain which have been the dread of agriculturists from time immemorial. Wheat is a beautiful and very hardy plant. In this country it is scarcely ever known to suffer extensively from extremes of hot and cold. Frosts, or at least such frosts as we are in the habit of experiencing, leave it undamaged. It may be covered for days and even weeks with snow and emerge green and healthy, but it will not thrive if for periods of any considerable length it is submerged under water. That is the disaster which experienced farmers dread. Rain fell plentifully in the spring, but that was an advantage, as it provided a reservoir of moisture on which the plants could draw when the drought came. It fared much otherwise with the cereal crops sown in spring. The ploughing and other cultivation in March were done in beautifully dry weather. Never was a March more favourable for cleaning the land. But that work gave the water in the soil an opportunity to evaporate, and when the drought

came there was nothing for the young plants to draw upon. Consequently there was a failure which, of course, has been spoken about and exaggerated. If a farmer is obliged to plough up a crop because it has come up too thinly or failed to come up at all, the calamity loses nothing in transmission from one mouth to another. In any case the straw was bound to be short, and, generally speaking, the crop was feeble. The rain, as far as the South of England is concerned, arrived too late. Anyone, for instance, journeying along the Thames Valley just now will notice a considerable number of fields which already are coloured and almost ripe for the harvest. Rain could do them no good, and it will have little beneficial effect even on crops that are a stage further back. But on the whole they are not so bad as might have been expected.

Barley, according to the careful Summary of British Crops which has been published in the *Times*, is well above the ten years' average; and so are oats, although in neither case anything like so far in front as wheat, which is estimated as showing by far the best yield made during the war or in 1913. Barley is very much what it was in 1914, and oats are returned as the best in the war years. It promises also to be an exceptionally good year for beans, although peas have not stood the drought so well. The estimate formed in regard to the condition of the potato crop must, in the nature of things, be vague. Potatoes this year started into growth very early and got on well until the drought began to produce its natural effect, and the potatoes, although perfectly healthy, seemed to come to a standstill. The general complaint is that those which have been dug, though excellent in quality, are uncommonly small for this time of the year. They, however, stand to benefit by the rain, although they need more of it. It is astonishing after the drenching showers experienced during the last fortnight or so to what a small extent the water has penetrated below the surface. Potatoes, at the moment of writing, are as dry as tinder when taken up, and it is obvious that they will not increase in bulk unless the rain is sufficiently prolonged to get to the roots. On the other hand, a season like this seldom leads to the development of disease, which is always more prevalent in a close, wet, muggy summer.

In brief, the food situation is more promising this year than it has been since the beginning of the war. But it is too early to speak with any certainty of it. The heavy crops of wheat are in danger of being laid by the torrential rains. Were the latter continued and accompanied by wind, the harvest might, after all, prove a disappointment. But we are by no means prophesying that this will be the case. At any rate, the wheat so far is undamaged, and with only a moderate amount of luck in regard to weather will yield a harvest which will go far to ensure bread for the people in the coming year. The other essential food during war-time is the potato, and growers will do well to accept the formula of the weather-forecast and act as though rainy weather were inevitable. The reason is simple. Many have neglected to spray their potatoes in the assurance that disease hardly ever makes its appearance in a dry season, and, as far as we know, no vestige of it has yet been traced; but the coming of rain is a warning that the precaution of spraying in places where it has been neglected so far ought to be applied at once. The blight cannot be arrested once it has made its appearance. The object of spraying is not to eradicate it, but to prevent its coming. Therefore all potatoes which have not yet been sprayed ought to be treated immediately, and those which have been should be sprayed again. It will be of incalculable advantage to the country if the magnificent area which has been devoted to potatoes this year is made to yield even an average crop. We notice that the *Times* estimates that the return will be considerably above the average. But this is probably taking too sanguine a view. At any rate, the calculation is a little premature.

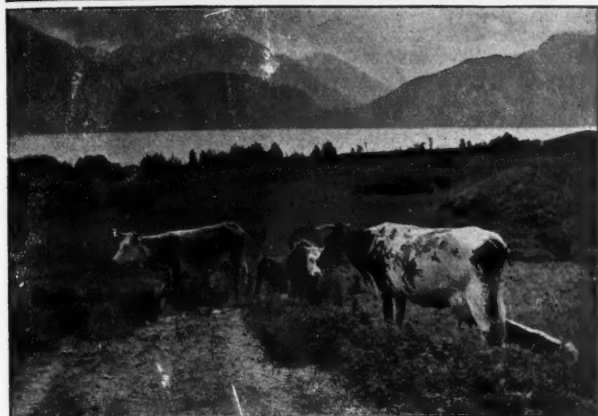
## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece to this week's issue is a portrait of Lady Evelyn Graham, whose marriage to Captain Miles Graham, Household Cavalry, younger son of the late Major Henry Graham and of Lady Askwith, took place on June 17th. Lady Evelyn Graham, who was born in 1896, is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



## COUNTRY



## NOTES

**H**ISTORY will be concerned for many a day with discussing the reasons for Ludendorff's long delayed offensive. Everything seemed to urge to its quick resumption if he had serious hopes of achieving a final success. There are many possible causes, and, perhaps, all of them exerted an influence. Previous experience had shown the need of elaborate preparation. The set-back to Austria must directly or indirectly have had a weakening effect on the German ranks: disease has been busy; under the surface there have been, in all probability, some attempts made to obtain a peace by negotiation; and difficulties in Russia are looming up heavily against the political sky. These may have all contributed to that inaction which was not broken until the middle day of June. It would be useless to speculate upon the probable outcome of this latest offensive; but time, in this case, ought to have been decidedly on the side of the Allies. Reinforcements of one kind and another have been pouring into France and Flanders, and the natural thought was that Ludendorff, being aware of what was taking place, would have tried to obtain a decision before our forces grew too strong for him. Probably his true motives and difficulties will not be known till long after the effect of his move has passed into the realm of recorded history.

**T**HE Scotch have a very expressive phrase for the operation which Count Hertling has just been performing. When a crafty enemy speaks soft things and at the same time is meditating villainy, they say he is "blawin' in the lug" of his adversary, or, in English, "blowing in the ear." If Count Hertling were a man of high integrity and independence it would be worth noting that he has expressed a complete change in the attitude of his countrymen to the question of Belgium. When Mr. Asquith put a definite question as to what the Kaiser and his counsellors meant to do with that country he received no answer, but from time to time it has been stated openly in full concurrence with the authorities that Belgium should be annexed. The much spoken of Antwerp to Baghdad railway was meant to be a German railway. Now Count Hertling lays his hand on his heart and lifting his eyes to heaven swears that never, never did the German Empire dream of laying hands on Belgium. It was no part of what he was pleased to call their "defensive war." We are not among those who are in a hurry to describe every fresh move of the enemy as a peace offensive, but this is certainly a very offensive method of fishing for peace. It does not come from a contrite heart, but from a lively appreciation of the persistence and security in which the troops of the United States are being carried across the Atlantic and thence to the battle-line.

**I**N connection with the article on Mr. Morrison's estate at Basildon it is instructive to note that the various methods in which increased productivity has been realised in farming did not come in any way from the Board of Agriculture or other official source. There is a world of teaching in the fact that they emanated from the owner who has always been well in front of his official advisers. We point this out to emphasise the great value of local knowledge. It is impossible that all the wise men in the world, if their

collective wisdom were housed at Whitehall, could say what were the possibilities of land which they had never seen. As the late Major Poore used to say in the days of the Victorian giants, "suppose that Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Tennyson, Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall were asked for their opinion as to the best way of mending Swindon Road, what would it be worth? Not so much as that of the most ordinary roadman who knew the place." So it is with an estate. The man who has lived on it and knows every corner of it understands the potentialities far better than those who operate from a distance. General rules have to be drawn up, no doubt, but it should also be recognised by the authorities that they cannot be applied uniformly. What is excellent for heavy clay may be a failure when adopted on a chalk down. At any rate, Mr. Morrison may well be proud of the fact that he anticipated the need of jam and made tons of it; the demand for baskets, and set the blind to work on them; the scarcity of cheese, of which he set up the manufacture; and all the hundred odd rural industries which find a home in this little estate of 6,000 acres.

**A** MATTER of at least equal importance is that automatically, as it were, many people are being trained for rural occupation of the land, and rural industries are being established and revived which, with good nursing, may be expected to keep growing after the war. One cannot but be struck with the very practical training which is given here to men who might possibly settle as small-holders in the years to come. They are in constant contact with livestock, and the breeding of animals is the same in principle whether applied to a rabbit or a steer, a duckling or a Hampshire Down lamb. Then there is a great variety of crops grown which must always be of importance to the small-holder. He may, for instance, find a corner for such things as sunflowers for his rabbits and fowls, or, it may be, for the use of those who extract oil from them, it may be tobacco, bulbs, flax or any other out of the way crop which will grow on the land where he settles. If it be for use as food or saleable for other purposes, it will often happen that the occupant of a small holding may find a corner where he can produce a little that may serve either to sell or keep. In this respect Mr. Morrison's example deserves hearty commendation. He does not, as our pages testify, stand alone, but farm or land owners might at one and the same time develop the peculiar resources of their land and afford training to those who think of settling to rural work later on.

## WATERLOO.

As we marched down to Waterloo  
On a muddy morn and grey,  
Old London stood and looked at us  
In her old listless way,  
And our hearts went down to zero,  
So careless was her glance,  
As we marched down to Waterloo  
Going out to France.

As we drew near to Waterloo  
The winter sun came out;  
Old London stirred and ran to us,  
Her men began to shout,  
A heart leapt in the women's eyes,  
A joy in the children's dance,  
As we marched into Waterloo  
Going out to France.

As we steamed out of Waterloo,  
Packed in the crowded train,  
Old London smiled and called to us  
Through tears of driving rain.  
"Courage! you spirits of my sons,  
Set free by gun and lance,  
I'll greet you here at Waterloo,  
Coming back from France."

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

**W**OMEN are doing a great deal of important work on the estate, and some of it is novel for them. Forestry offers a good example. Many of those landowners who are in the fortunate position of being able to afford the luxury of planting are stuck for want of labour. They ask for soldiers and they ask for German prisoners. But not for women. Yet women have served the purpose at Basildon. Last year over 100,000 trees were planted on the estate, all of them by women. The yearlings in the forest nursery were also transplanted by them. Some difference of opinion there

may be as to the relative merits of frequent transplanting and of putting in yearlings, but that does not alter the fact that women were able to get through a great deal of planting last year, and a larger programme is waiting for them in the coming winter. It might well be worth the consideration of owners like the Duke of Atholl, who so splendidly keeps up the traditional love of his progenitors for forestry, whether women could not manage to do the planting for them. The question is urgent. Timber is one of the most important necessities of war-time, and it will not cease to be so in the days of peace. The more trees that can be got into the land now the better will it be for the future of Great Britain.

THE weather has certainly not been on the side of food production in Germany this year. From an authoritative statement lying before us we learn that it has intensified the difficulties arising out of scarcity of labour, draught horses, seeds and fertilisers. Central Europe was visited in April and May by a prolonged drought. This was followed early in June by a most unseasonable cold spell accompanied by frosts and snowstorms. It is known definitely that frost occurred during the middle of June in Denmark, Bohemia, certain of the provinces of Austria, Poland and the greater part of Switzerland, so that there can be no doubt of it having been felt in Germany also, and that there was a great loss in vegetables, fruit and cereals. There was a snowstorm a few weeks ago when the snow in the Brocken was 3 ins. deep. It must have had very serious effects on food production. The harvest prospects again are far from being rosy. The possibility of supplementing home supplies from the Ukraine appears to be remote. At any rate, Herr von Braun recently described them as very poor. He also remarked that "the spring sowing had been considerably neglected owing to the revolution and the expropriation of land." Only 40 per cent. of the whole country had been sown. For this reason alone it would be safe to conclude that very little food will be obtainable from Russia during the next twelve months. That unfortunate country is seriously menaced by famine.

A POINT has been conceded to the private fruit grower by the concession of the Director of Sugar Distribution that all permits issued for jam making and not utilised by August 17th shall be cancelled, and the saving in sugar thus effected shall be allocated to provide fruit growers whose fruit may be wasted if sugar is not made available for its preservation. As far as the South of England is concerned, August 17th is too late. It will be in sufficient time for plums, but they are such a very poor crop this year as to be hardly worth considering. On the other hand, the raspberry crop is now coming to perfection, and it is a very fine one. This fruit makes excellent jam, but a great deal of it is likely to be wasted because of the lack of sugar. It cannot be kept on the canes until the middle of August. The only way to secure the large supply of jam which raspberries might yield would be for this allocation of sugar to be made at once.

EVERY line of Sir Robert Hadfield's presidential address to the Society of British Gas Industries teems with material for thought, and those engaged in technical industries will find much to ponder over in it. But Sir Robert raised at least one question of the utmost consequence to the general public and the nation. This is the need for greater co-operation on the part of scientific manufacture. The Germans have been very prompt to recognise this necessity. Sir Robert Hadfield has prepared a translation of the report of the general meeting of the German Iron and Steel Institute which shows what has been done by our foes and rivals. Mr. A. Vögler, the President, in the course of his speech, recorded the fact that on April 19th, 1917, the German Iron and Steel Institute, in conjunction with the Kaiser Wilhelm Association, founded the Institute for Iron Research. This Institute has secured the adhesion of the whole of the German iron industry. All the large mixed works have taken up bonds and so have the refined-steel works. The United Engineering Society building in New York owes its existence to the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who gave the sum of £300,000 contingent upon the engineers finding another £110,000, which they did. It has recently been found necessary to enlarge this building, and it is now furnished with a splendid library.

IN contrast with what has been done in Germany and the United States, so opposite in some way and similar in their spirit of enterprise and progressiveness, Sir Robert Hadfield

finds it strange that in this country the technical man has no such home or club, and he says with decision that the deficiency should be remedied if we wish to hold our place in the world. The iron and steel industry will, before long, represent an annual output of not far short of fifteen million tons of iron and steel, with products which he values at probably not less than £200,000,000. Now, to co-ordinate the work done by the various branches the technical societies in this country must obtain accommodation at least as good as that provided by Germany at Dusseldorf and by the United States at New York. The condition of things here is effectively shown by a personal experience described by the President. One day he was asked to attend no fewer than eight meetings of different societies fixed between 2.30 and 5 p.m. He says that "even if it had been possible to attend more than two of the meetings, the time lost in reaching the different places would have been a serious bar to getting through the work. With a common meeting-place for our technical societies, as in New York, much of this overlapping and interference would be avoided." The case made out for a building worthy of these great technical societies is irresistible. In the scheme there should also be included a library equipped with the thousands of volumes and papers now constantly required by those interested in technical development.

A MAP which has just been published by the British Museum (Natural History) deserves the attention of the public. Its object is to show the distribution in England of the Anopheline mosquitoes. The importance of this work arises from the presence of a great many infected soldiers who have been brought in from overseas and who constitute a source from which malaria may be spread. This is done by the Anopheline group of mosquitoes thus described by Mr. Gahan, the Keeper of Entomology. "When one of these mosquitoes bites a malaria patient it sucks in with the blood of the patient some of the parasitic organisms to whose presence in the blood the malaria is due. These parasites reproduce and multiply within the body of the mosquito, eventually make their way into the salivary glands and then can be injected into the blood of the next person bitten by the insect." The map is avowedly imperfect owing to the absence of search in many quarters, but it gives as true an idea as the present state of knowledge will admit.

#### ON THE LIZZA (SIENA).

How dark the mark the cypress seals  
On glistening miles of olive-sheen,  
Where Lizza's high-hung wall reveals  
The sunlit Tuscan scene!  
O winsome, lovesome garden-place!  
A part of old Siena days—  
How cool the shade where interlace  
The little alley-ways!  
And when the dusk has dimmed the glow  
From out the ardent, jewelled sky,  
Then happy folk stroll to and fro  
And greet in passing by,  
And light of Love (or seemeth so)  
Is lit with each firefly.

M. BALLANTYNE LECKIE.

MR. UVEDALE LAMBERT has written a little pamphlet on "Rural Housing Conditions and the 'Tied Cottage,'" which cannot fail to interest our readers. He has come to the conclusion that "the system of the so-called 'tied cottage' on a farm is the only possible one, for cottages are as much a part of the farm equipment as the tenant's farmhouse, or the cow-house, or horse stable." In support of this he goes through the argument familiar to our readers, namely, that the carman or the carter must live near the animals he tends, and that the farm labourer should be saved the toil of walking to his task. He also shows that the "tied house" is no peculiarity of one class—every parsonage, rectory and vicarage is a "tied house," and in many villages the doctor's house has become "tied" by use and prescription. He adds: "There is no more servility or degradation in a farm hand's 'tied cottage' than there is in 10, Downing Street for the Prime Minister of England." The end of his argument is to show that there will be a greatly enhanced need of such houses if our newly ploughed land is to be kept as arable. His plan for building them is through the private owner, and the argument by which it is supported seems to us irrefutable. The pamphlet is certainly one which all who are interested in the provision of cottages for rural labourers should obtain.



# ESTATE ACTIVITIES IN WAR-TIME

A VISIT TO BASILDON.

UNDER ordinary circumstances Mr. Morrison's estate at Basildon, near Pangbourne, would merit close attention on account of the number and quality of the pedigree livestock in which the owner takes delight, but at the moment that interest is overshadowed by the magnitude of the national service it is rendering. Mr. Prothero on a famous occasion asserted that the army of agriculturists had a part to play as important as that of the men at the front. His words have been taken literally and most generously interpreted at Basildon. The livestock interest is not neglected. Witness the steady improvement of the splendid herd of shorthorns, the excellence of the redpolls and the Aberdeen Angus, and the celebrated flock of Hampshire Downs. On the estate there are no fewer than 2,000 sheep. But, though the pedigree flocks and herds are maintained at a high standard of efficiency, the main resources of the land are directed towards such national objects as the production of food, the manufacture of necessary articles, the care of the wounded—for which two hospitals are provided—and care also of the poor, the needy, and the unfortunate. The estate is a very beautiful one situated on the chalk and abounding in charming heights and hollows. Its beauty is enhanced by the growing timber. Beech is the tree of the county, and pleasant the trees, inviting the leafy shade in the heat of July. Government



BLIND WORKERS STEEPING THE RODS.

here, as elsewhere, has made demands on the timber, but the planting steadily keeps pace with the felling. There are over two million trees on the estate, and in spite of difficulties more than a hundred thousand were put in last winter. Mixed plantations are the rule. Beech is the favourite and the best, but such useful trees for war-time as Douglas fir and Japanese larch—to name no others—have not been neglected. The young woods are growing apace, and if Mr. Morrison's example were followed, even on a comparatively small number of estates, the timber difficulty would be appreciably lessened in the years to come. Fruit, too, is grown liberally, there

being about three thousand fruit trees in different parts of the estate. On the estate there is the same shortage of apples as prevails over the whole of England and the same difficulty about obtaining adequate sugar for preserving what fruit there is.

It may help the position here if we explain the system on which distribution is carried out, not only of jam, but of the multitudinous food products of the estate. Placed first are the needs of the two hospitals—the Guards, fifty beds; the White House, fourteen beds, for the local wounded. The parish has done its part nobly in the war, and the Roll of Honour has 130 names inscribed on it. Four acres of kitchen garden are none too many when the needs of the establishment are taken into account. As we shall see, the estate produces



GRAZING PIGS IN THE PARK.



TAMWORTHS.



BERKSHIRES AT FEEDING-TIME.



OLD GLOUCESTER SPOTS.



large quantities of cheese, butter, eggs, bacon and fruit, and what is not required for home or hospital consumption is sold to the village co-operative society, a most excellent institution, of which Mr. Morrison is President. Through this avenue the surplus products of the estate flow into the cottage homes at prices uninfluenced by profiteering. This is not the only instance in which the war has proved the value of the village co-operative store, an establishment where the customers are participants in the profits and the management does not and, indeed, cannot sacrifice everything to profit-making. Other useful village organisations which answer well and are likewise based on the idea of mutual help are the potato club and the pig club. War conditions brought them into being, but they mark an advance in rural life of which it is safe to prophesy that a vigorous continuation may be expected when the war is over. Another good result of the war may be found by observing the fillip given to local industries. Only in recent years, at least, in the lifetime of men not yet patriarchal, has the cheap town store supplanted the village industry by selling imported or machine made rubbish



TRANSPLANTED BY WOMEN.

hot water and a clever little machine. They were steered again to make them supple for the weaving which was done by blind men. Thus the industry is complete, every stage of it, from the growing of the osiers to the turning out of the baskets, being accomplished without the need of importing materials. And thus work is provided for the pitiable and deserving.

A great feature of the estate is the liberal employment of women, about sixty being in regular work. Their robust appearance made one speculate curiously as to the cause. Did it consist only in condition and complexion, work and open air would supply the answer, but to the eye it seems as though the build and frame of the women had been enlarged. It may be, however, that this effect was due to the neat and becoming land army dress which displayed their physical beauty to perfection. Before the war we may have been entertaining unawares angels disguised in modern clothes which might have been designed to conceal rather than to exhibit shapeliness and sinew which in the modern women have been developed by hockey, golf and other outdoor games. Wherever it came from, physical fitness was everywhere observed. Equally sturdy were the girls in the cheese-room and those feeding the fine broods of Gloucester Spot and Berkshire pigs. Employment of the women ranges from the light task of the vegetable and fruit drying room to the work of the brickyard, where two girls turn out an average of 3,000 bricks weekly. And a discovery has been made that promises a still further enlargement of the sphere of women's work. We refer to the



THE ESTATE OFFICE.

instead of the hand-made and durable goods produced at home. Osier beds had fallen in value almost to zero when the war broke out; now they are hunted for all over the country. Basket-making has been re-established as a village industry. At Basildon the work is done by the blind, not those who have lost their eyesight in the war, but such as have been afflicted from birth or suffer the consequences of an accident. At our visit they were engaged chiefly in making strong bushel and half-bushel hampers for the Food Production Department. The skill and certainty with which the blind worked could not altogether overcome the sense of pathos evoked, but the better and more cheerful way is that of Sir Arthur Pearson, who has succeeded in making both the patients and the staff at St. Dunstan's see that the right manner in which to regard blindness is as that of a handicap imposed on some of the runners in the race of life. Grieving will not mend matters.

It was interesting to watch the process of basket-making. On the estate is an osier bed of twenty acres. Rods are cut in the autumn, and they were being peeled with the aid of



MAKING WATTLED HURDLES.

sand-pits, where seven varieties of sand have been tested and found suitable for the manufacture of glass. It is true that the glass is not that of "crystal clear," but of a coarser kind. Now and for many years to come there is bound to be a great sale for it. On such an estate it may easily be imagined that hurdle-making is a cherished art, as circumstances have created a demand both for wattle and rail hurdles. Women are trained and sent out to do the work. Another industry appropriate to a well wooded estate is that of charcoal burning, which is carried on energetically and with success. In addition to the women workers who form an interesting feature of the estate, help is obtained in harvest time from the Public Schools, camps being formed for the Mercers' School, Repton School and Bradfield College.

Even in this cursory review of the activities, space must be found for at least an allusion to the unique school for such leather work as harness and boot repairing. The instructor—and he is a very capable one—is a discharged Grenadier Guardsman. Again, we spent a half-hour of instructional enjoyment in the cheese-room. It is presided over by a lady who used to be at Reading College and who applies to her mystery the latest and most scientific methods. Even one slightly bewildered by her familiar treatment of germs and acids felt what an enormous advance has been made from the haphazard method that used to prevail. Here all is mathematically exact, cause being fitted to effect with the precision of one who unites practice with theory. And

flavour, though a little drier than in its natural home. The atmosphere of the cheese-room is one of experiment and endeavour.

Mr. Edge—that exponent of the art of feeding pigs on pasture and in woods—would have beheld with delight the Tamworths grazing like sheep, or the Gloucester Spots and Berkshires rooting in the park. Like the wild boar these pigs range the woodland, and when the acorns and beechmast have fallen feast royally. They are not ringed, nor do they touch the roots of the naturalised daffodil, and improve rather than injure the growing timber. They have a wide range, but egress to the cultivated fields is inhibited by chestnut fencing. A fine herd of milking goats has been got together for the purpose of supplying milk to the poor. The doctor is supplied with printed forms, and only requires to fill one in with the statement that So-and-so requires so much milk daily for his patient to receive it. Far from there being any neglect of the human element on the estate, the benefit of the worker always comes first at Basildon. And nowhere is this more apparent than in the renovating and improvement of the cottages. They are well scattered over the land as though originally built with a view to providing for so many small-holders, but they were ill-lighted and defective in many respects. Reconstruction was begun before the war with the late Mr. Frank Chesterton as architect, but as Gunner Chesterton his name was added to the Roll of Honour. The continuation of the work was placed in the skilled hands of Sir Edwin Lutyens, and it is needless



REDPOLLS IN BASILDON PARK.

the results were seen in a most appetising array of substantial Cheddars and Stiltons, while that favourite of the Government, the Caerphilly, was not neglected. Experiments are going on with a view to the production of a good skim-milk cheese, and even the elusive Camembert is made of excellent

to say that under his treatment the cottages are being vastly improved alike in comfort and appearance. A first-rate sewage system has been introduced. To crown all, it is intended to build a parish church to replace the temporary one now in use.

## THE HOLLIES

Within the fastness of the wood  
Grow hollies five;  
There for ages have they stood,  
And there still thrive.

Solemn and dark and very old  
They seem to scorn  
The beeches new-got green and gold;  
The white hawthorn.

They seem to mock Spring's lovely deeds,  
Yet are they held  
In awe, and the whole woodland cedes  
Homage to eld.

GUY RAWLENCE.





THOSE who, in the gay days of motoring, passed along the pretty road which leads from Ightham southward to Tonbridge cannot have failed to take note of a stately house lying on the east side of the way and notable for the great display of closely-mown lawn which reaches down to the roadside, ending level with the top of a low stone wall that, by hint rather than compulsion, restrains the would-be trespasser. Out of the lawn rises the brick-built stone-coigned house, mainly and evidently of the days of William and Mary. The grass elsewhere leads back to plantations of flowering trees and shrubs which, in their moment of glory, deliver to the passing wayfarer a message of joy. Few houses in England open to him so freely some vision of their domestic charm, yet the privacy of the main parts of the garden is not interfered with; it is only the fringe that is gardened, as it were, for the public delight. Moreover, the distant road, being sunk below the wall, in no wise obtrudes itself disagreeably into the view from the windows of the house. The wayfarer is delighted, the resident is not incommoded, and the expected visitor's approach can be desisted afar off.

The lands of Fairlawne are planted high on a southward bending slope that is dipping to the weald. From lawn and gardens the lower lands lie broadly spread and stretching away to the distant ridge of Bidborough and Southborough—a blue wall across the footing of the sky. It is a view landscape-gardened in the best English fashion of domestic scenery, with profuse dotting of elms that gather in profile into the semblance of woods with green, open spaces like forest denes. Here, indeed, is a background for a garden as perfect in its

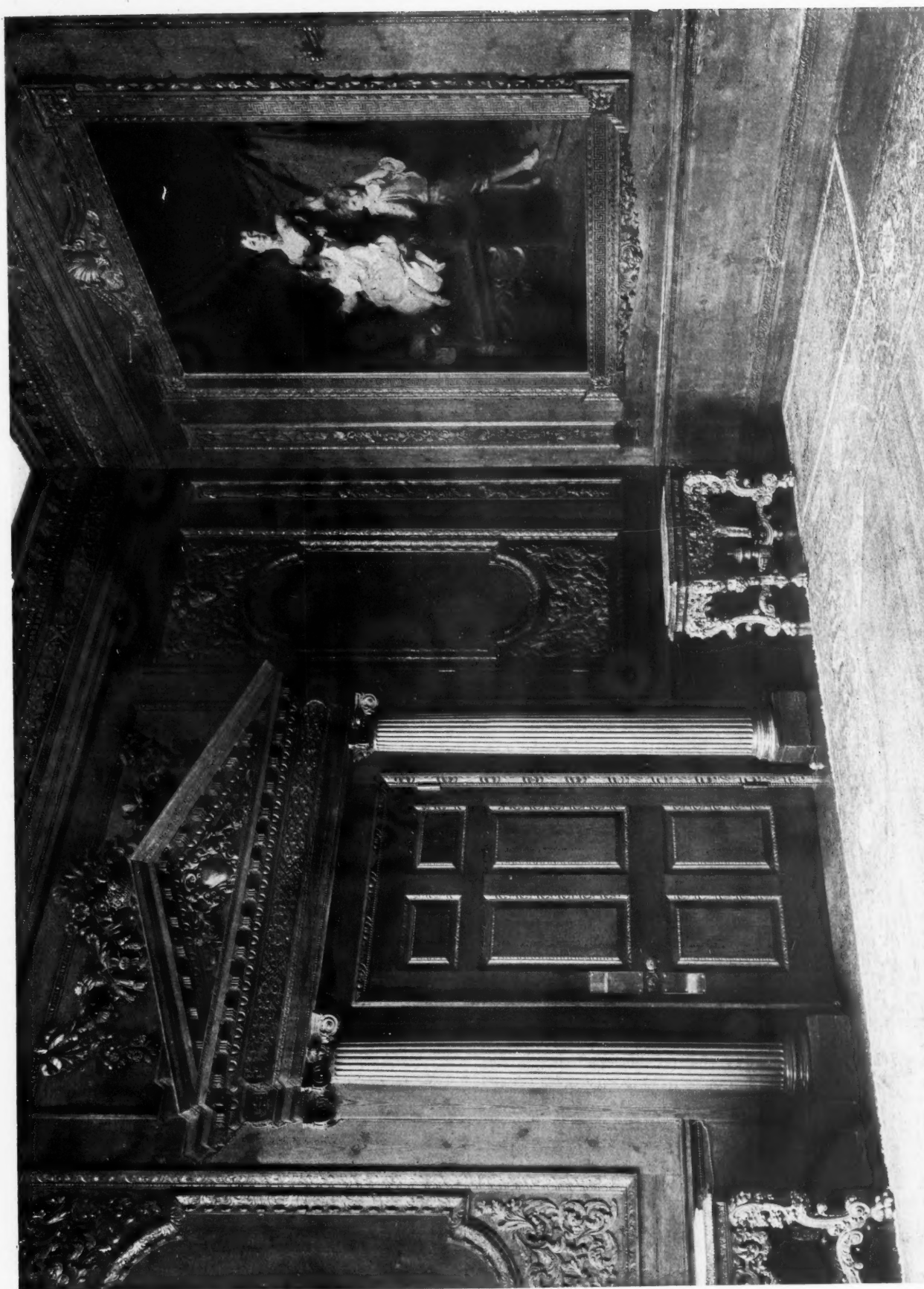
way as the world can show. The gardens of Fairlawne are worthy of it. Always beautiful, they have their best moments, and those are when May is turning into June and the weather is sunny and serene. For then, though the lilacs are passing or have passed, the May blossom still lingers and the snowballs and laburnums are in flower, while the rhododendrons, the great glory of Fairlawne, are rampant and triumphant in an overwhelming splendour.

The nucleus of the gardens of Fairlawne consists of two great stretches of mown grass bending toward the view. One slopes from the house; the other, further back and terraced, is enclosed by trees and high shrubs. Between the two runs a broad path shut in on either hand by rhododendrons and azaleas, multitudinous in variety, harmonious in combination, and indescribable in magnificence. Upward the path is closed by a dark wood of yew trees; downward it opens on the aforesaid view. All else is a riot of colour. The other side of this bosage, facing the further lawn, is of like character and beauty, and the rhododendrons there encircle the great terraced lawn and display their glories from a remoter standpoint. The aforesaid yews, planted by Lord Barnard in the year 1684, are of great size, one of the most notable groups of yews in England, inferior only to those at Midhurst, perhaps not even to them. The park also contains many more magnificent trees, too numerous for individual mention.

If you wander down the drive away from the house, it will presently lead you into the secret places of an unsuspected valley—just such a hollow as that which but a short distance further to the west holds in its lap Ightham Mote







A CORNER OF DINING-ROOM, SHOWING THE SARGENT PICTURE OF MRS. CAZALET.

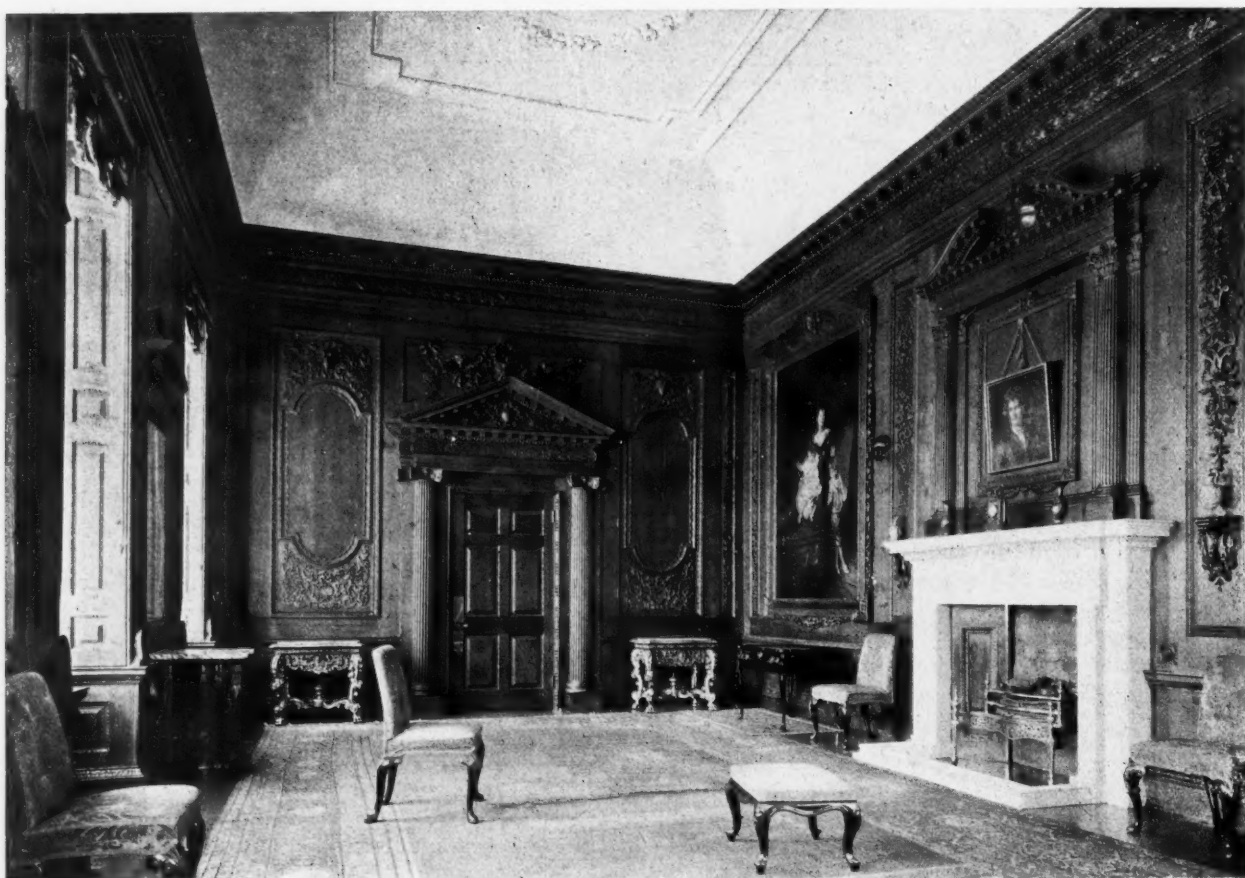
"COUNTRY LIFE."

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and its pools. Here, too, are successive ponds with a scurrying stream rushing down from one to the next—twirling, twisting, babbling, tumbling; overhung by ferns, impeded by bamboos, and gardenized alongside with all kinds of flowers: swamp flowers here in the marsh, rock flowers there on the craggy bank. And always the path alongside keeps bending this way and that, and there are great trees overhanging or withdrawing, and spaces closing in or opening out. A little higher up among them there is another path—Lady Vane's they call it, but whether made for her or used by her ghost I did not hear. The ghost of her husband, the famous Sir Harry Vane, has another path all to himself, that is a mossy track between dark yew trees beside the yew wood; a creepy place by moonlight, I dare say, when those of us whose nerves are jumpy might easily be scared if a wraith in the likeness of that bronze figure in the public library at Boston, Mass., came swaggering along—"the Lord deliver us from Sir Harry Vane!" But the ghost in question can hardly swagger, for he carries his head under his arm.

Fairlawne in ancient days is said to have belonged to the Bevant family, and after them to the ubiquitous

Fairlawne, was his grandson. Charles I offended him by granting to Lord Strafford the title of Baron Raby when Raby Castle belonged to the Vanes, so he split from the King, took an active part in the Strafford prosecution, and retired from Court to his northern home, dying at Raby in 1654 and leaving his son a bitter opponent of the King. The son's record is well enough known and need not here be recounted. Suffice it to say that when Charles II was restored Sir Harry Vane was excepted from amnesty and lost his head on Tower Hill in 1662. His is the ghost that walks at Fairlawne. He was succeeded there by his two sons in succession. The second, Christopher, was created Lord Barnard of Barnard Castle in 1699, and died at Fairlawne in 1723 in the house which he had largely rebuilt. He also built the church at Shipborne, and was buried within it. His eldest son inherited the family estates in the North; William, his second son, those within Shipborne, Plaxtol, etc. He was created Viscount Vane and Baron of Duncannon in Tyrone, and died at Fairlawne in 1734. His son dying without issue, left his property to David Papillon in 1789. From the Papillons it passed to the Simpsons, from them to the Yates, and finally to the



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IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Culpeppers, from whom the Chownes obtained it. The famous Sir Harry Vane's father, likewise a Sir Henry, bought it from Sir George Chowne, not as a newcomer into the district, but as a prospering resident, to whom perhaps his holding the office of Comptroller of King Charles I's Household had not been without profit. He already owned lands in the neighbourhood, and had lived in a smaller house, still existing, at Golden Green, a mile or two away. It is now the house of the agent of the Somerhill estate. Those lands were in Shipborne parish, and so are the stables of Fairlawne, though the house itself stands outside the parish boundary and was never properly the manor house. The Manor of Shipborne belonged to the Priory of Dartford from the days of Edward III till the Dissolution. Then, after certain grants and exchanges, it came into Sir Ralph Fane's possession—the same that was hanged for treason in the sixth year of Edward VI—but the property instead of escheating to the Crown, passed to Henry Fane of Hadlow, a near relative. He, in his turn, "was unwarily drawn" into Sir Thomas Wyatt's Kentish Rebellion in the following reign, but "on consideration of his youth" he was pardoned, released, and had Shipborne given back to him. He died in 1582. The Sir Henry Vane aforesaid, who bought

Ridgeways, from whom it was purchased by the present owner's father.

The main part of the existing house was built in the reign of William and Mary, and can easily be recognised from the rest by the beautiful cornice which crowns it. It was built up against some rooms of an earlier period, whereof no recognisable architectural features remain, and it has received some modern additions which increase the accommodation and convenience of the house without greatly altering its general aspect. The architectural effect of the exterior as a whole is sufficiently expressed by our illustrations, and we can confine our remarks to brief description of the notable rooms which preserve their fine contemporary decoration. Chief among them is the large and lofty dining-room, admirably proportioned and elaborately panelled in oak. The end of the room with its columned and pedimented doorway is enriched with some excellent carving of the school of Grinling Gibbons, which does not officiously protrude itself, but takes its place in due subordination to the general effect of the whole decorative scheme. Two great framed panels on the long wall on either side of the fireplace were evidently prepared for portrait groups, and are now splendidly filled with two by Sargent: the lady of the house and her children





EAST END OF DINING-ROOM, SHOWING THE COMPANION SARGENT PICTURE OF MR. CAZALET.

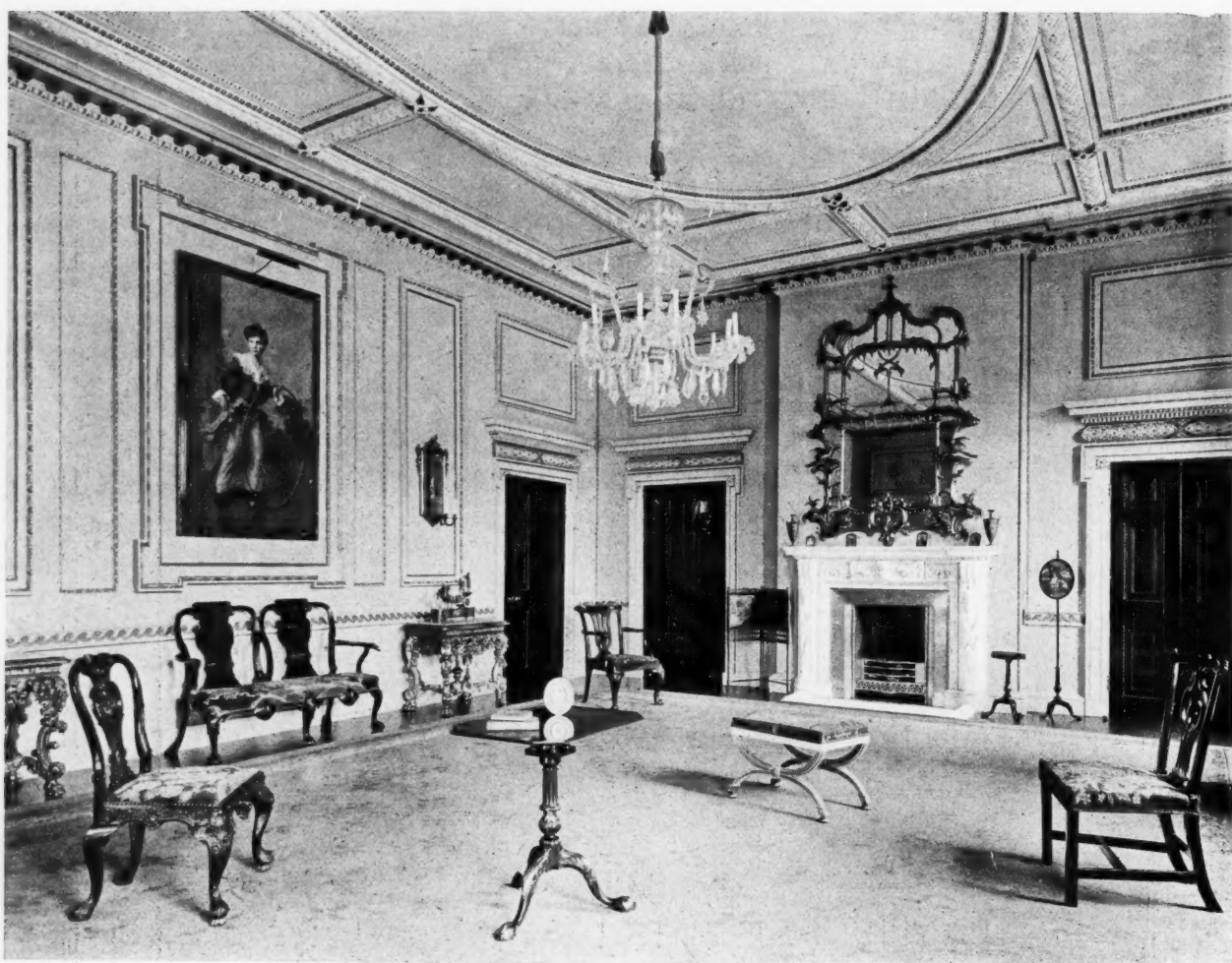


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THE DINING-ROOM DOOR.

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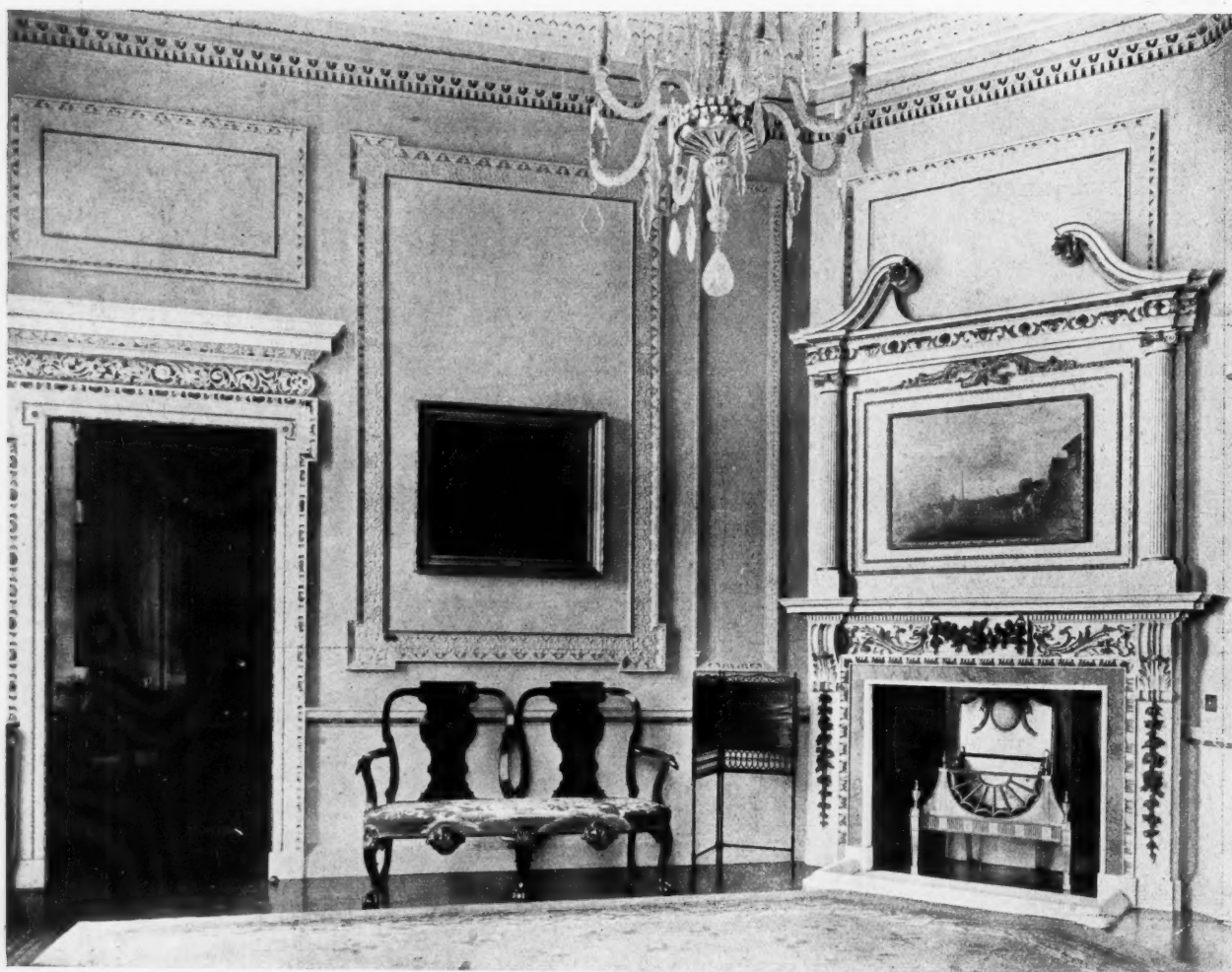




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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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THE SMALL DRAWING-ROOM.

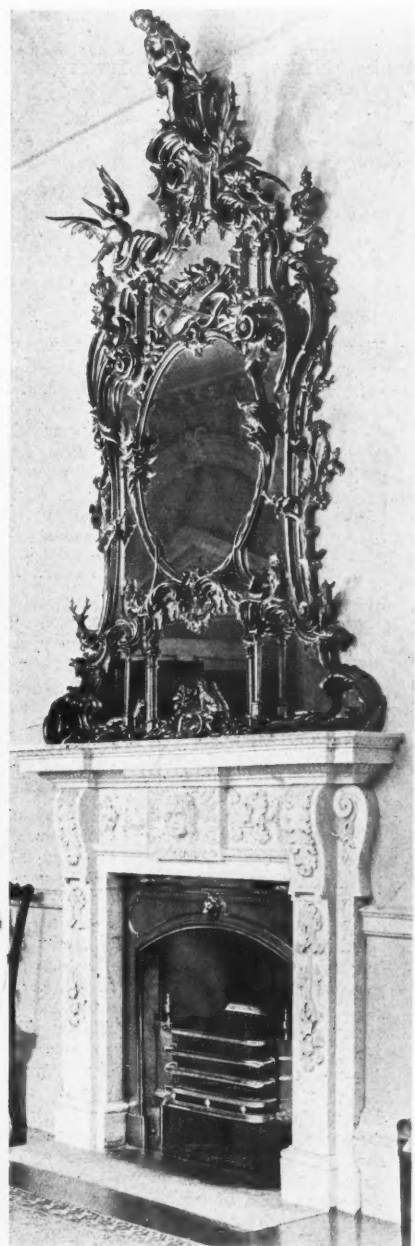
"COUNTRY LIFE."



A FRENCH COMMUNE.

to the left, the owner on the right in hunting scarlet standing beside his horse—an unusual adjunct to a portrait by this great painter. The reader will not fail to observe in our photograph of this room the two carved and gilt consoles, examples of the fine furniture whereof the house contains a large collection.

The carved moulding over the lintel of the door bears a design of oak leaves controlled by ribbon bands. A similar enrichment is found in a number of the frames of the doors in other rooms downstairs, and serves to indicate their common date. Thus it can be seen how the Long Room, which leads to the dining-room and must once have been a portico open to the central courtyard, was enclosed and decorated when the dining-room was built. Its fireplace is now surmounted by an elaborate Chippendale mirror, one of two of like rarity to be found in the house. The other is in the drawing-room, which has doorways of the same type and excellent mahogany doors—common throughout the house. The adjacent Small Drawing-room leads to the Ballroom, but whereas in the latter the doorways are as before, in the Small Drawing-room the decorative details, boldly undercut, are of a

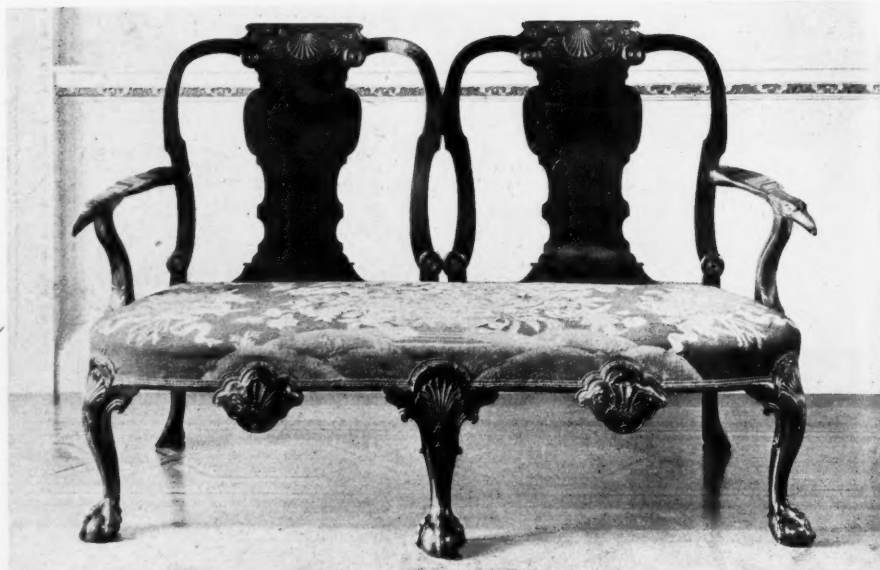
CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY CHAIR.  
Circa 1740-1750.MAHOGANY HALL SETTEE.  
Circa 1730-1740.

CHIPPENDALE MIRROR IN THE GALLERY.



different and later type. It is said that this was in consequence of a fire, involving some redecoration, for which the designs by Gibbs have been found in the Soane Museum. He probably supplied them about 1722, when he was building Shipborne Church for the owner of Fairlawne.

The decoration of the Hall is likewise of a later date and an extreme simplicity, but serves well as setting for the excellent furniture it contains. It would be easy to cite many pieces of furniture as worthy of remark. I will only in conclusion call attention to a little cabinet of late eighteenth century Gothic type, made to enframe a number of drawings and various coloured stones, pieces of Wedgwood ware and the like. It is inscribed as follows on an engraved brass plate within the door: "This cabinet was ordered by and made at the expense of Mr. Horace Walpole in 1784 to receive the drawings which were all designed and executed by the Rt. Honble. Lady



Copyright. DOUBLE CHAIR-BACK SETTEE. EAGLE-HEADED ARMS. "COUNTRY LIFE." Circa 1720-1730.

Diana Beauclerc. This cabinet was designed by Mr. E. Edwards." MARTIN CONWAY.

## LIGHTER THAN AIR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY WARD MUIR

### III.—THE AIRSHIP'S USES

MY second voyage in a Coastal airship—a trip which lasted from early morning till after sunset, and every minute of which was a delight—was marked by one adventure particularly worth recording. Three destroyers, each with its white churned wake scoring a V athwart the vast blue plane of the ocean, passed below us, en route, presumably, for their base. Five minutes afterwards we sighted, at a distance of maybe half a dozen miles laterally to their course, a speck upon the sea—a speck whose meaning failed to explain itself. A prying curiosity is counted for righteousness in the airship's pilot; it is, in fact, his all-absorbing business to investigate such specks upon the sea—to go and peer down on the top of things—to ask polite (and sometimes rude) questions—to find, and, when found, make a note of. Therefore, perceiving the speck aforesaid, we sailed towards it. And in a few minutes we were hovering over what I suppose is nowadays a not uncommon object, but what, to me, was an extremely moving object—a shipwrecked crew in an open boat.

The spectacle of that boat, as we in the comfortable security of our airship scanned it from above, remains indelibly imprinted upon my memory. It was a small boat. It was floundering in the swell. It was full of men—too full: its gunwales were almost awash. And they were visibly weary men. Those who sat at the oars, of which there were two pairs, were using them merely to keep the boat on her course; for a little bit of a sail—a sail whose dimensions I can best hit off by saying it was about as big as one's shirt—had been rigged; and the wind was capricious and by no means favourable. The vessel of which this pitiful company were the survivors had sunk at midnight. It was now midday. They were certainly not less than twenty miles from shore, and they were waterless and had nothing to eat. On the face of it there was quite a fair likelihood that they would fail to reach the shore: the least change in the wind might defeat them, the least rising of the sea might swamp them. Their rate of progress may have been one knot per hour. Can you wonder that they waved their hands and cried to us, thankfully, when we swam above them? Can you wonder that, looking down on that packed boatload of derelicts and seeing their feeble gesticulations, one felt a lump in one's throat? For—mark this—those passing destroyers had failed them. The destroyers had steamed by and missed this speck upon the ocean. The shipwrecked crew must have seen the destroyers, or at any rate seen their smoke; hope must have risen in their hearts and then sunk again, as the smoke trailed towards the horizon. But the airship, poised high in the heavens, enjoyed an area of vision enormously greater than that of any look-out on board the destroyers. It saw what escaped the destroyers' attention.

We slowed our engine, circled, and sank nearer to the boat. Through the megaphone our pilot told the sailors that we would

fetch help. Then we ascended and steered after the now almost invisible destroyers. We could have wirelessed to land for help to be sent; but those destroyers were handier.

Now destroyers, to a layman like myself, are impressively strenuous and speedy craft. One's attention is engrossed by the grandeur of the twin waves which curve from their bows and by the ferocity with which they charge through the water; one is mesmerised by the turmoil of their wake. To overhaul a destroyer which has got many miles start of you seems a futile ambition. The airship, for all its blunt and obese figure, and its apparent clumsiness, thinks nothing of such a feat. Our pilot, to my astonishment, did not even order our second engine to be started. (We had been jogging along on one engine, the stern one, as usual.) He merely "opened her out" . . . and in next to no time those destroyers were, mysteriously, close to us again, and our pilot was shouting to the wireless operator—whose accomplishments include various arts of communication across the void—to signal to them by flashlamp. Two signals were to be flashed: the first, "Boat with shipwrecked crew," and the second, when a response showed that this had been received, "Follow me."

The wireless operator, standing up in his compartment, started flashing, his lamp held to his eye for sighting and his finger on the trigger which switched the current. *Wink, wink*, went the tiny gleam behind the lenses: one could hardly believe that this tinsel spark of incandescence would show amid the sunshine's blaze. But, presently, from one of the destroyers a similar diamond-point glistened. *Wink, wink*, the little cipher lightnings scintillated to each other—ours in the sky and theirs on the sea. And soon, "They've got it, sir," announced our signalman, and stowed away his lamp. Thereupon we turned tail and made once more for the "Boat with shipwrecked crew," leaving the destroyers to "Follow me." This they did, the three of them, making a superb sweep round and setting a course in our pursuit; but though without doubt their pace was the fastest of which they were capable they lagged behind us: we were standing over the boat, and megaphoning encouragements to its consoled occupants, long before the promised rescue took place. When the destroyers did arrive, no time was wasted. One of the destroyers steamed straightway alongside the boat; its crew were taken aboard smartly and the boat itself set adrift; during which performance the companion destroyers halted not, but described a circle round the chief performers in the drama. For destroyers are always in a hurry, and hate stopping.

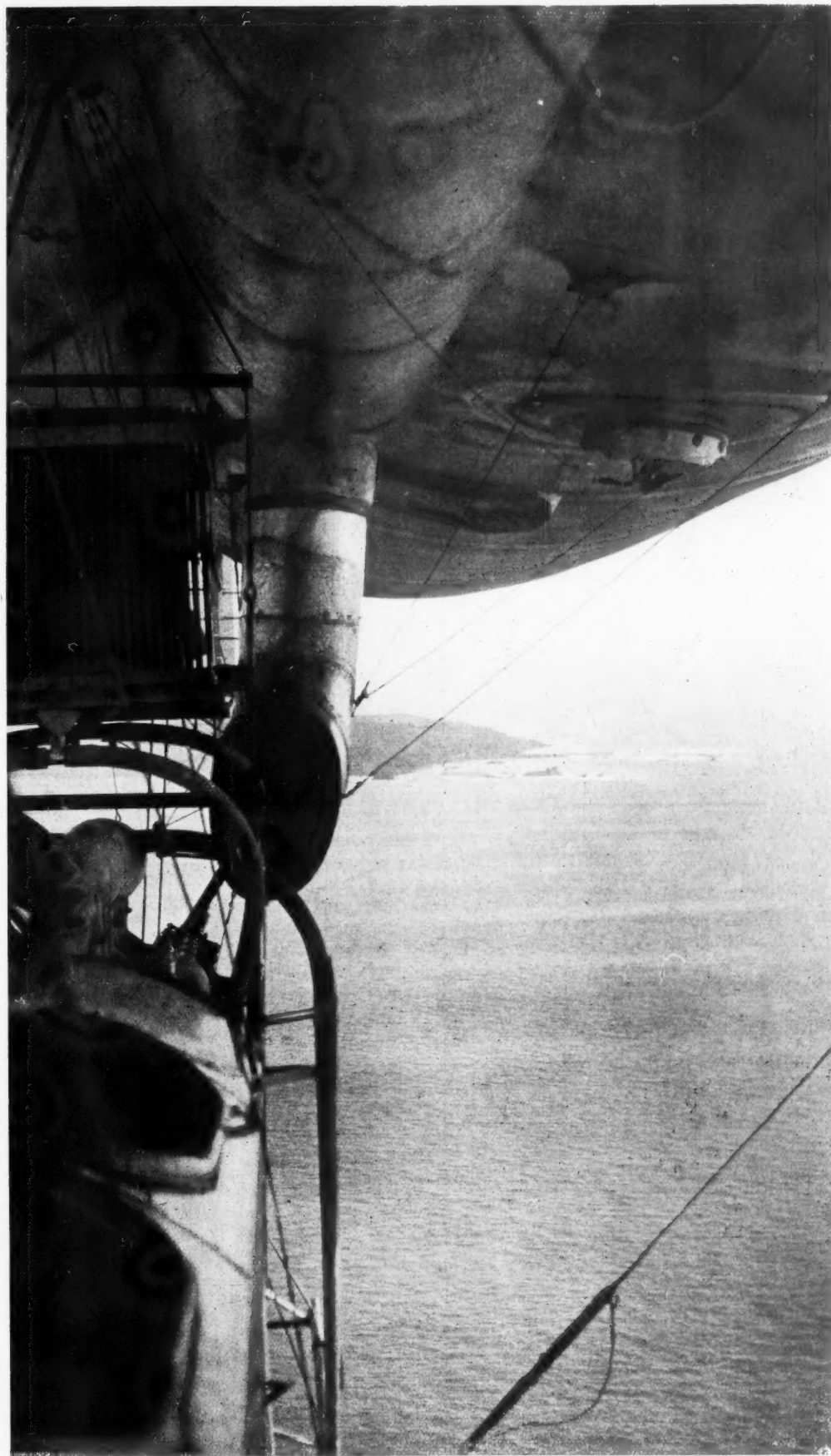
Many other incidents enlivened that day's flying—for example, we accompanied a convoy from its port out to sea—but the affair of the torpedoed crew best illustrates certain uses of the airship: uses which it is now appropriate to dwell upon. The extent of the aircraft's vision, as compared with that of



the seacraft, has already been mentioned. This applies also to 'planes; but it is worth remark that the heavier-than-air machine, in given circumstances, has its drawbacks when compared with the lighter-than-air. These drawbacks are mostly summed up in the statement that the 'plane cannot hover. It must always be rushing forward, or it drops. Suppose a 'plane had sighted that shipwrecked crew it could not have spoken to them by megaphone—or only with difficulty. Suppose it had flash-signalled to the destroyers, this, too, would have entailed more trouble: for flashes from a projectile which is hurtling through the sky at a hundred miles an hour, and which would have to go round and round the ship to which it is speaking, again and again during the course of a conversation, are a tricky job. Suppose no help had been obtainable, the 'plane could not have let down a rope to the shipwrecked mariners and towed them—which the airship could, at a pinch, have attempted.

The airship, in effect, can get more unequivocally into touch with things than the 'plane. The former's frequent recourse to the megaphone for asking questions or conveying information or giving orders, is an item in its repertoire not to be despised. Wirelessness is not always convenient. There are plenty of seafarers unequipped with wireless. Talking by flag or flash-lamp may be unsatisfactory or impossible when a prolonged parley is involved or when, perhaps, the vessel to be catechised is a foreigner. It may be very desirable indeed to have a word with the crew of a motor launch or humble fishing ketch. What more convenient than to drop down and chat with them direct? Lower a line to them if necessary! Why not? An airship pilot, whose steward had forgotten to provide him with his usual sandwiches, recently appeased his mid-ocean hunger thus: He signalled to a passing destroyer: "Can you oblige me with something to eat?" "Delighted; stand by until we signal it's ready," was the answer. Presently the signal appeared. The airship manoeuvred herself over the destroyer, lowered a codline, and hoisted up a delectable package containing luncheon and a bottle of something wherewith to wash it down. Grateful

thanks from the youngster overhead: courteous *au revoir* from the ship below—and so the transaction ended. But it could never have come to pass at all had one of the participants been a 'plane instead of a gasbag.



LEAVING LAND—VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS STERN OF AIRSHIP.

The 'plane cannot go slow. It cannot halt. The airship can do both. Given a landing to be looked for in a mist, the airship can grope for it and then fastidiously select an alighting place; whereas the 'plane must everlastingly be on the wing and

has less time to pick and choose. Photographic record-making from airship; is, for the same reasons, easier than from 'planes. For scouting and patrolling and policing purposes, in short, the airship possesses many superlative points. These ought to be appreciated. The heavier-than-air craft have purposes which are manifest; they are a marvellous weapon for offence and defence; but they must be used as accomplices of, not in rivalry with, the lighter-than-air craft; and the picturesque exploits of our 'planes should not be allowed to take the shine out of the solid, steady and by no means unromantic routine of our airships.

And is that routine of value only in war-time or for sea-policing purposes in peace? Unless I am much mistaken we are at the beginning of a great growth in experience which will develop the airship as a factor in commerce and also as one of the most luxurious, yet ultimately cheap, pleasure-crafts the world has ever dreamt of. The experts with whom I talked had no sort of doubt about this. They spoke as a matter of course of cargo and passenger-carrying airships which would fly across the Atlantic. Such a journey is already practicable with the Zeppelin; and our own "rigid" types (which have not been touched on in these articles) do not lag far, if at all, behind the Count's model. But even the non-rigids—machines similar to those here illustrated, though perhaps larger and more powerfully engined—will be great travellers in the future, and capable of transporting no mean weight of goods and passengers: transporting them, it may be added, with few, if any, of the obvious risks attendant on a like traffic by aeroplane. Personally I may say that the word "risk" never entered my mind when I was on board an airship, whereas I will confess it was never completely out of my mind when flying in a 'plane: the comfortably "supported" feeling which one has in the airship, its placidity and smoothness, will always be a consideration in its favour, for the passenger cursed with nerves. These advantages, to be sure, are no mere matter of imagination; for the airship, even if some accident befel both its engines—an improbable eventuality—would still float as buoyantly as before, and would have to be excessively remote from civilisation if a wireless message could not fetch help within, at an outside estimate, a couple of days.

The sea patrols in which I took part lasted for ten hours or so. But we might have stayed aloft much longer. The modern pilot thinks nothing of keeping his ship out on patrol for forty-eight hours. To stay out all night is a commonplace. There are covered-in cars as well as the open type in which I voyaged. With an enclosed cabin—the engines and propellers being outside, so that there is scarcely any noise and vibration for the passengers—the ships can be fitted with cosy sleeping accommodation. Picture such an air yacht as the toy of an enterprising rich man! (And he need not be a millionaire. He could buy a glorious airship for £25,000.) From its windows he and his guests could enjoy the most wonderful views. He could pop over to Paris in an afternoon. Sleeping on board, he might look down, on the morrow, at the outspread shores of the Côte d'Azur. The Mediterranean would make a magnificent airship touring area. And why stop there? With slightly bigger powers there is no reason why the curious should not survey, in safety and health, the mysterious malaria-haunted jungles of Central Africa, and



ON THE LOOKOUT.



VIEW TOWARDS BOW.]





explore wildernesses the mere entry into which previously meant enormous preparation of caravans, months of marching, and possibly death from sickness or the attacks of wild animals or savages. To-morrow these delightful projects, of which I find myself writing as though they were extraordinary, will be a commonplace; in a modified form they are an everyday affair at this very moment. Such joyous trips, for wealthier people, will be—as we have seen in the matter of the automobile—merely a step towards universal popularisation. That is always the story of these scientific advances. It will be the story of the airship. The excursionist's char-à-banc airship may be a long way off, but it is coming—in the wake of the airship built by the magnate who is already tiring of his ocean-going steam yacht. Alongside both these vessels we may in a vision behold

young per year. I have now on my place the following litters and rabbits:

I litter 14 weeks old	I litter 6 weeks old
I " 12 " "	I " 4 " "
I " 10 " "	I " 2 " "
I " 8 " "	I " 0 " "

Keeping this sequence of litters up will enable me to turn out on an average from three to four 4lb. rabbits per week; that is, I produce about 14lb. of rabbit flesh live-weight per week, and by keeping a record of the food consumed each week one can ascertain with such a plant what the exact cost of producing a 4lb. rabbit is. I find that my food bill averages about 4s. a week, and therefore each completed rabbit

(three and a half rabbits per week) costs me about 1s. 1½d. for food (inclusive of doe's and buck's food). Last week my food bill came to 4s., and my rabbits increased in weight 15½lb., and therefore cost 1s. 0¾d. per 4lb. rabbit. Now, by setting on foot a unit of this kind one can find out a great many interesting facts. For instance: 1. What rabbit flesh actually does cost for to produce food. 2. What is the cost of housing and appliances necessary to turn out a given number of rabbits per week.

My plant consists of three indoor hutches (I am actually using one indoor hutch and two disused small outhouses) for breeding purposes, two outdoor does' hutches with wire-netting bottoms, one spare doe's hutch, one buck's house, one house for rabbits from five to seven weeks, one ditto from seven to nine weeks, one ditto from nine to eleven weeks, one ditto from eleven to thirteen weeks, and one ditto from thirteen to fifteen weeks. The cost of the plant to turn out an average of three and a half rabbits per week should thus be:

5 breeding does at 10s.	..	£2 10 0
1 buck at 15s.	..	0 15 0
		£3 5 0
3 breeding hutches at 25s.	..	£3 15 0
2 outdoor does' hutches at 15s.	..	1 10 0
1 spare doe's hutch at 15s.	..	0 15 0
1 buck's house at 15s.	..	0 15 0
1 house for rabbits 5 to 7 wks.	..	1 0 0
I " " 7 " 9 "	..	1 10 0
I " " 9 " 11 "	..	1 10 0
I " " 11 " 13 "	..	1 10 0
I " " 13 " 15 "	..	1 10 0

£13 15 0

Starting off with food for does and young rabbits, taking it at 15 weeks at an average of 2s. 8d. per week, which is about fair .. .. £2 0 0  
Watering utensils, etc. .. .. 1 0 0

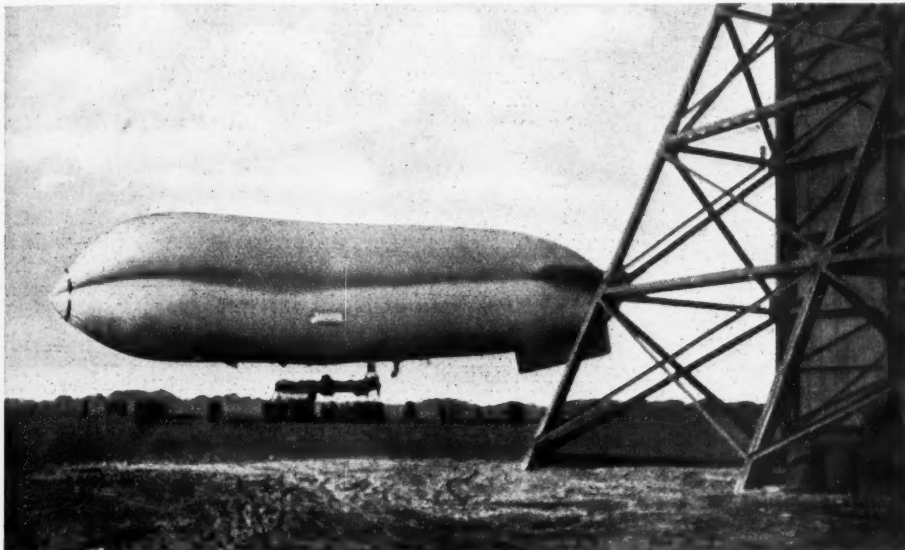
		£3 0 0
Livestock	..	£3 5 0
Houses	..	13 15 0
Food	..	2 0 0
Miscellaneous	..	1 0 0

£20 0 0

Therefore a plant to turn out three and a half rabbits per week costs at the present time about £20; that is, £5 14s. for each rabbit to be turned out per week. Now, at the present time a 4lb. rabbit (Belgian Hare) is fetching about 6s., and they cost me, as explained, for food about 1s. 1½d. (inclusive of the doe's and buck's food), or with carriage and marketing charges about 1s. 6d. This leaves me with a margin of 4s. 6d., which, when selling three and a half per week, represents 15s. 9d. per week.

I estimate that one man on a suitable small-holding could turn out at least five times as many and his plant should therefore cost him about £100 and give him at the present time a profit of about £3 8s. 9d. per week. I am feeding my rabbits on a small quantity of oats and bran in the mornings and evenings and as much hay and grass (which I cut and make myself) as they will eat. There is no doubt in my mind that if an experiment on the above lines were continued over an entire year it would throw a great deal of light on the production of table rabbits, and the facts produced would be of the greatest assistance to the rabbit-breeding industry.

F.



"COASTAL" ABOUT TO TAKE FLIGHT.

On right: A screen sheltering door of shed.



IN THE AIRSHIPS' SHED: THE HANDS AWAITING ORDERS.

the colossal cargo ship buzzing through the clouds from London to New York in four—then in three—then in two—days. Why not? One smiles. But this latest crack-brained escapade of mankind has gone beyond the stage when a smile can dismiss it.

## WAR-TIME RABBIT BREEDING

IN order to test the possibility of table rabbit breeding in war-time I some months ago secured a small-holding and set on foot the following experiment. I purchased five does and a buck. The idea was to get a doe to kindle every fortnight. I mated up one doe every alternate week so that I have a doe coming down each fortnight. With five does I estimated that one could keep up a continual succession of litters (one every fortnight) throughout the entire year; that is, each doe would have a litter once every ten weeks, or five litters per year, and taking an average of six young ones to each litter, this means she should produce thirty



## LITERATURE

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK

*The Trumpet-Major*, by Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan.)

WHEN the circumstances are duly considered, it will not be thought odd that a novel published in 1880 should be taken as the subject for comment as a book of the week. Those who rejoice in the obvious will at once laugh at the thirty-eight years which have passed, but *The Trumpet-Major* has so close a bearing upon present circumstances that events have clothed it with new interest. The book is familiar enough. By many it is reckoned one of the best that Thomas Hardy ever wrote, and we do not wonder at the opinion. The reviewer of to-day would probably see far more in it than did his predecessor of the year 1880. Ever since then Mr. Hardy has developed the irony which he carefully concealed in his earlier work. On another occasion much might be said about the literary character of *The Trumpet-Major*, of the spirit of comedy that plays on the surface, and the sadness of tragedy that lies below. Even the superficial reader must feel a little disturbed at the apparent happiness of the ending, where the true lovers after many vicissitudes pass off the stage to the sound of wedding bells. Who would not give a thought to the hero and more perfect lover who time and again has sacrificed his opportunities in an honourable deference to what he thought was the welfare of others? The sadness is clinched by the final sentence:

he joined his companions-in-arms, and went off to blow his trumpet till silenced for ever upon one of the bloody battle-fields of Spain.

But it is not this aspect of the book which has tempted us to return to it. Apart from being a work of art, it is a document of inestimable value. In it for the first time in his career Mr. Hardy had founded his work upon carefully collected data. His object was to present a picture of England lying under the threat of a Napoleonic invasion, just as at the present moment there is a similar threat of a German invasion. For this purpose Mr. Hardy was well equipped. In his early days there were old men who remembered those anxious years in the beginning of the nineteenth century when England was called upon to fight for her existence just as she is doing to-day. He could not help collecting oral tradition, and he supplemented this by careful investigation. In his neighbourhood were many memorials of what had taken place. There was an outhouse door riddled with bullet holes, the work of a zealous soldier who had made it a target when practising with his gun. On a hill were the remains of a cottage where the beacon-keeper lived; worm-eaten shafts and iron heads of pikes, bits of uniform and other relics of the presence of a camp he often came across in his childhood. In order to fill in the detail of his picture he had recourse to the newspapers of the day, and other documents came to his hand. One of the most important was the address to all ranks and descriptions of Englishmen which finds a place in the text. This was copied from the original in a local museum, and it is well that it should be preserved, since it shows that, *mutatis mutandis*, the same steps were taken in the England of 1801, or thereabouts, as are being adopted to-day. Some of the language in it might not unfittingly be applied to our present enemies, who certainly have

spared neither Rich nor Poor, Old nor Young; but like a Destructive Pestilence have laid waste and destroyed every Thing that before was fair and flourishing.

The Associated Volunteers were to be called out only once a week unless an actual landing should make their services necessary. Non-combatants were promised occupation as pioneers or labourers for breaking up roads and hindering the enemy's advance. Such as possessed pickaxes, spades, shovels, billhooks or other working implements had to mention them to the constable or tything-man of their parish, so that they could be noted for use. Rural England at that time, as now, became accustomed to the neighbourhood of the military. In the very first chapter the leading event is the arrival of a body of troops who made their encampment on a down near the Wessex coast where the scene is laid. "The Trumpet-Major" was one of the number. The reception given to the military was, generally speaking, cordial. Mr. Hardy has a very just appreciation of his countrymen and knows well how to show their sterling qualities without blinking the fact that there will always be poltroons and dissentients.

Soldiers, yes—not the soldiers! And now hedges will be broke, and hens' nests robbed, and sucking-pigs stole, and I don't know what all.

The same man's lament for high prices during war-time would find many an echo just now. But he is not put forward by any means as a representative of a fairly considerable body of people, far less of the nation, but is only an exceptional grumbler. The great majority rejoiced to see the soldiers beside them and put their whole trust in the Army. Further, England did not attempt to go into mourning because Napoleon with an unlimited number of flat boats was waiting at Boulogne for a favourable opportunity of carrying out an invasion. They feasted and quarrelled, they were married and given in marriage, they followed their various trades sharply and shrewdly, and conducted themselves generally like men who keep a wary eye on danger and will succumb to no panic fear of it. The action culminates in a false alarm very similar to that which Sir Walter Scott has drawn for us in "The Antiquary." Sir Walter was, of course, a first-hand witness, and it was a delight to him to give rein to his matchless humour in describing the zeal of the doughty warriors who were called upon so suddenly to defend their country. One remembers the scene at Monkbarrow when the owner was wakened from his sleep and his despised womenkind tried to invest him with a sword, his sister offering him a falchion of brass with the one hand, and with the other an Andrea Ferrara without a handle, while Jenny Rinterout produced for him a two-handed sword of the twelfth century. Comic poets have made fun of this assembly of citizens for the defence of their country, and no doubt there was a ludicrous side to their appearance with old blunderbusses that would not go off, swords that had rusted, and pikes and clubs when nothing else could be obtained. But Sir Walter ever remembered the occasion with pride in the zeal and readiness displayed by his countrymen. What was true of Scotland held equally good in regard to Dorset. Mr. Hardy gives a free scope to his humour, as Scott himself did. His drilling scenes form a most amusing picture of patriotism and absurdity. As he tells us of the great trouble he undertook to collect authentic information on this point, it may be worth while quoting his description. The sergeant is not a bully and not a pedant. He bids his men pay strict attention to the word of command

"just as I give it out to ye; and if I should go wrong, I shall be much obliged to any friend who'll put me right again, for I have only been in the army three weeks myself, and we are all liable to mistakes."

"So we be, so we be," said the line heartily.

The soldier of to-day cannot fail to be tickled at the directions for shooting:

"Now, at the word *Prime* shake the powder (supposing you've got it) into the priming-pan, three last fingers behind the rammer; then shut your pans, drawing your right arm nimblelike towards your body. I ought to have told ye before this, that at *Hand your katridge*, seize it and bring it with a quick motion to your mouth, bite the top well off, and don't swaller so much of the powder as to make ye hawk and spit instead of attending to your drill. What's that man a-saying of in the rear rank?"

"Please, sire, 'tis Anthony Cripplestraw, wanting to know how he's to bite off his katridge, when he haven't a tooth left in's head?"

"Man! Why, what's your genius for war? Hold it up to your right-hand man's mouth, to be sure, and let him nip it off for ye. Well, what have you to say, Private Tremlett? Don't ye understand English?"

Fortunately, one of the institutions of the time at least is extinct, and that is the pressgang. Bob Loveday's escape from it and his subsequent volunteering form a very sufficient condemnation of the system. At the time when the novelist wrote these notes it is improbable that he was yet dreaming of making a name for himself as a poet. The appearance of Hardy on the scene and the references to Nelson at Cadiz Bay and the Battle of Trafalgar adumbrate the splendid success which he was to achieve as a dramatic poet when, discontented with the criticism his novels evoked, he resolutely laid aside the novelist's pen.

### TO SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

(The Patron Saint of Travellers.)

Poets have praised a thousand flowers,  
And weeds that pilgrims loved of old  
Still gleam upon our vagrant hours  
Brighter than gold.

Dear Saint! Grant me an inch of room,  
In your log-book to write my thanks  
For little, shining flowers that bloom  
On railway banks!

JOYCE COBB.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## A VERY OLD ROSE TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, in an article entitled "Green Days in Forests," one quotation referring to the wild rose runs as follows:

"Oh no man knows  
Through what wild centuries  
Roves back the Rose."

HAVING quite recently come upon this account of an ancient rose tree (*vide* "The Rose Amateur's Guide," by Thomas Rivers; Loftman, Green, Longman, Roberts and Green, 1863) I copy it, thinking it may be of interest: "When at Cologne in July, 1857, I heard from a friend residing there that a rose tree existed at Hildersheim which was planted by Charlemagne. I thought it a fable, and most unfortunately passed by Hildersheim without calling to search into the matter. Resting some time at Leipzig with a literary friend, I made further enquiries, and through him have just received the following account from his friend at Hildersheim. The present size and description of this remarkable tree may be relied upon. I give in the following narrative the words as nearly as possible of my Hildersheim correspondent, the first part merely legendary: 'When Charlemagne had conquered the territory of the original Saxons, several foreign potentates hastened to show him marks of esteem and respect, among others an ambassador from the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, who, as a symbol of his authority, carried a purple banner on which were embroidered the arms of his Sovereign—six roses on a golden field. Charlemagne, struck with the homage, planted a rose tree on the place of reception, to commemorate the event. Louis the Pious, at a later period, came to the district of Hildersheim on a hunting excursion, and after his sport, ordered Mass to be said in the open air, at which all his retinue were present. The officiating priest, on returning to his habitation, and just as the Court were commencing their repast, missed the "Holy Image" (it is presumed the Cross), and after searching in vain for it proceeded on his way back to the place where the open air Mass had been performed. It was becoming dark, and in his hurry and fear he seems to have nearly lost his way, when lo! his eyes lighted upon the Cross resting upon the branches of a wild rose tree. He immediately attempted to regain it, when, wonderful to relate, the Cross adhered to the tree and eluded his grasp. After several ineffectual clutches he felt sure that some high power had interfered; he therefore ran to the Court and apprised the pious Louis of the wonderful sight. The whole Court rushed forth, and on approaching the rose tree, fell on their knees in thankfulness for the sight of such a miracle. Louis then ordered the present cathedral of Hildersheim to be built over the rose tree.' Such are the legends of this famous tree, often referred to by German authors. Dr. Grashof, of Hildersheim, gives the following description of its present state (1857-63): 'The roots are buried in a sort of coffin-shaped vault, under the middle altar of the crypt, which crypt is proved by known documents to have been built in the year 818, and to have survived the burning of the other parts of the cathedral on the 21st of January, 1013, and the 23rd of March, 1046.' It is remarkable that the chronicles of the town and Chapter make no mention of any harm having befallen this famous tree, which for centuries has been considered one of the lions of the district. The vault on which it grows is open to the rain, and this is put down as a proof that the tree could not have been planted *after* the cathedral was built. The trunk, 11 ins. in diameter, is conducted through an opening in the wall, which is 5 ft. thick, and then reaches outside some inches above the surface of the ground, from whence two branches and three younger arms spread out with their twigs and leaves and cover a space 20 ft. in height and 24 ft. in breadth, being arranged on a sort of iron railing on the eastern side of the vault. This tree has been an object of especial interest to the Chapter from the building of the cathedral; and botanists attribute its present size to the fact of its being sheltered from frosts and storms by the different buildings and cloisters of the cathedral, and from the touch of rude hands by trelliswork. Bishop Hepilo (1054-1079) had it carefully spread out on the outer wall built by him, and placed in the archives a record of this, as also a description of the massive vault built under the high altar for the reception of its roots. The opening in the wall was made about 1120; the tree was in high esteem in the thirteenth century." Rivers comments: "Thus ends the history of this remarkable rose tree. I have only to regret that its species is not mentioned; but as it is in the legend called a wild rose, it is probably *Rosa canina* or the Dog Rose."—A.

## HIDDEN HALF-A-CENTURY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many and varied are the curious finds that are made by those engaged in excavating work in connection with the construction of harbour works, canals, manufactories and industrial establishments; but in the main, these discoveries are of interest only to the archaeologist, historian or geologist. Seldom indeed is anything brought to light which appeals to any great extent to the lover of Nature and her creatures. All over the country at the present time important work in connection with Government establishments and those closely allied thereto is going on, and it is in the progress of one such that the following incident occurred: For the purpose of the particular work in hand, what is known to the initiated as a "dolly" was required; this dolly, for the use to which it is to be put, must be made of the soundest and best timber procurable. In the case under review the dolly was 4 ft. long and 2 ins. square, and made of English elm. It was specially selected by three of the most practical men on the contract, from among some fifty other logs of timber, as being most suitable. To all appearances it was perfectly solid and there was no break in either ends or sides; it had been produced by cutting from the centre of the original tree, the diameter of which was probably about 24 ins. At the sawmills where the balk was cut, those responsible, knowing the purpose for which it was intended, would select the soundest of trees; the men on the work, as already named, chose

the best, in their opinion, from a large number of similar balks. Every precaution was taken to ensure that the dolly was absolutely fit to bear the strain that was to be put upon it. It was to be used in connection with pile-driving. After the first blow or two from the pile-driver, a piece of the side of the dolly flew off, revealing a cavity about 6 ins. in diameter and in the hollow the remnants of a bird's nest. On closer inspection the nest was found to contain, in a more or less damaged condition, six eggs of a pale blue tint with a few black spots; the eggs were about 1 in. long and 3/4 in. broad, and the spots were about one-sixteenth of an inch. On exposure to the air both nest and eggs crumbled to dust. It is assumed by those well qualified to judge that in the years gone by the nest must have been in what was then a small hollow in the tree, a slight bark had grown over and the tree continued to add its angular rings. It is calculated that the nest and its contents must have been concealed over a period of sixty or seventy years. The writer has had an opportunity of seeing the dolly and a small remnant of an egg, but is unable to say much as to its species, but is inclined to the belief that it belongs to the thrush family.—J. P.

## DR. DARWIN'S LINES ON STEAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see your correspondent, Mr. Percival Seth Ward, quotes Dr. Darwin's lines on steam, and asks from where the quotation comes. It is from the "Botanic Garden," by Dr. Darwin. If Mr. Ward wishes to hear more of Dr. Darwin, he should read "A Swan and her Friends," by E. V. Lucas. The swan was Miss Seward, who wanted to marry Dr. Darwin, and as he did not ask her, she abused him in spite. I, his great-granddaughter, have his armchair and his picture by Wright.—L. E. STUDDY.

## MOIST POT-POURRI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very much obliged to you if you could tell me of a good and reliable recipe to make pot-pourri. We have never had more or finer roses than this year, and should like to know how to dry them and what to mix them with in order to obtain a good pot-pourri.—L. N. H. AND T. L.

[Pick your roses when full blown and on a fine day; let them dry, pulled to pieces, and spread on sheets in the sunshine or in an empty room. When they are tough and leathery (not brittle) they are ready for the next operation, which is to put them into earthenware jars with lids. After each two or three handfuls of petals a handful of bay salt (broken) and common salt, mixed, should be thrown in. The petals should be rammed tightly in, and each jar should have a heavy leaden or other weight between the roses and the lid. Lavender, sweet verbena and bay leaves can also be added, but need not be dried, and sweet geraniums torn in strips; also strips of the skins of Seville oranges stuck with cloves (to be kept at first in a jar by themselves, pressed down, after salting, gently by hand). The proportions should be, roughly, four parts of rose petals to one part of the other ingredients, of which sweet geranium should form the larger part. Towards October all these materials should be ready for the final mixing and the spices must be made ready. To 5 lb. of rose petals allow one and a quarter large packets of Atkinson's violet powder (or orris root, say, 1 lb.), 1 lb. cloves, 1 lb. allspice, 1 lb. mixed spice, 1 lb. mace, 1 lb. gum benzoin, and 1 lb. gum storax in powder. Mix all together in a pail. Have ready also 1 lb. whole cloves and 1 lb. whole mace. On some smooth surface, such as a clean brick floor, all these should be well mixed together (if very dry it may be sprinkled with a little water) and finally stored in a wooden tub. It should not be used until the following spring, and is really sweeter and better after one or two years than when it is fresh.—Ed.]

## "EMINENT VICTORIANS"

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your reviewer says in the issue of June 22nd, re "Eminent Victorians": "Manning was only the busybody of his day. Prominent as was the position he occupied in London politics and London society, he never entered into, far less interpreted the heart of England," etc. Can your reviewer name one writer, thinker, or warrior of the nineteenth century, apart from Horatio Nelson or the Duke of Wellington, who did interpret fully the heart of England? Was it Gladstone, Disraeli, Tennyson or Gordon? According to Purcell, Manning was the vital centre and hope of Catholicism in England for nearly fifty years, and surely we want a real, live, *dogmatic* religion to-day if ever we did. I open Vol. II of Purcell at random and read (page 772): "The results of Cardinal Manning's long experience are not only of personal interest but of great public utility. The candour and openness with which he does not fear to rebuke his own people," etc. I respectfully commend to your attention the whole of that Chapter xxvii. But his fault? He was a cleric, and that truly is hard to forgive! a cleric to his finger tips and devoted to his theological God. We do not want Catholicism yet, and yet how many people are looking out for *something* to fill the void in their lives, an antiseptic to correct their little idiosyncrasies and give them hope. The *Apologia pro vita sua* may tickle the palates of a few literary men, but the majority are convinced "not so much by reasoning, as by a clear conception of Truth" (page 789).—H. O. BOGER.

## A WILD FLOWER TO NAME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

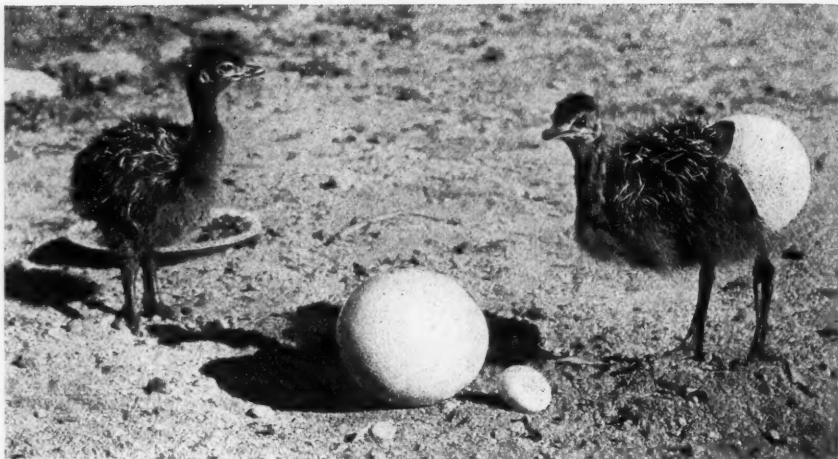
SIR,—This, the pasque-flower, grows wild in some parts of the Derbyshire hillsides, among the short, tiny grasses on sunny slopes. I have seen the flower on the limestone crags of Crick, where it is known as "up-bell" from the way in which it grows. It is also known as the big Canterbury bell, and bluebell among children. A handful gathered soon fade and droop their heads.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.



## OSTRICH FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At one time the rearing of ostriches for their plumage was confined to their native continent, Africa; now, however, many farms have arisen in the warmer districts of North America. Quite the most interesting and astonishing fact regarding the ostrich, to my mind, is the extraordinary rapidity of its growth. When the youngsters are hatched, or soon after, they are pretty, frowsy little things about the size of a Silkie hen. During the first four days of their existence they fast, if the eating of grit or gravel may be excepted. But having laid in a considerable foundation of that species of *hors-d'œuvre*, they begin to eat—and eat they do voraciously. But if they consume in an incredibly short space of time bushels of alfalfa hay, green and chaffed, barley and vegetables, they make amends for their stupendous appetites by growing at an amazing pace. Supposing that these little creatures are, soon after hatching time, 1ft. in height in May, they will be full grown by December! That means to say they shoot upwards at the rate of 1ft. a month, and in eight or nine months after



NEWLY HATCHED OSTRICHES: AN EGG COMPARED WITH A HEN'S EGG.

leaving the egg the birds will be as many feet in height, often weighing nearly 200lb., and their plumes ready for the factory.—E. T. B.

## LABYRINTO.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send a photograph which illustrates a very beautiful kind of needlework done by the native women here in the Northern States of Brazil. It is called "labyrinto." It is really an elaborate kind of drawn-thread work. The threads are drawn to form little square holes or spaces; these are then twisted with needle and thread, and the design worked in at the same time. The work is done on a frame.—D. JOBSON.

## "A LITTLE WAY."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—While not being able to give the origin of the touching verselets quoted by "F. G. S." in your "Correspondence" of June 29th, I can perhaps give some clue.

Many more years ago than the five "F. G. S." mentions, I cut them from a local newspaper, and at their foot appeared "Indianapolis Sentinel." They have been interleaved ever since in a devotional text book much used by myself and my wife, and, if better known, would perhaps bring some measure of solace in the many partings of our troubled years.—EGERTON GILBERT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the correspondent who sent "A Little Way" to your paper of June 29th might like to know that the poem is set to music by Stanley Hawley under the title of "Lyric from Indianapolis Sentinel," and is published in an album of five lyrics.—I. A. MILLS.

## "BILLIE POLECAT."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is always a pleasure to read Miss Frances Pitt's notes of the pets she has had, and I am deeply interested in her "Billy Polecat." No mention is made of the stench emitted by the animal, and I wonder if the fact that he is tame is the reason. In Derbyshire any putrid smell or smell of decay is said to "stink like a powcat," the folk name for the polecat, which is also known as the "fowmart," a name

also descriptive of its ill-smelling body. A man in the employ of my father was once seeking for young rabbits in a Derbyshire rubblestone fence on a hillside, and he pulled out a fowmart, and it was weeks before he got rid of the smell; he said that washing in hot water was of no use, and he only got rid of it by many rubbings with earth and sand. The end of a two yards thick dense hedge quite close to a two-post stone stile was the home of a colony of polecats, and the smell was so offensive that pedestrians made a wide detour to avoid it.—DERBYSHIRE.

## A SOLUTION WANTED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I came across the following lines the other day; could some correspondent give me the solution?

I sit on a rock when I'm raising the wind,  
But the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind.  
I see kings at my feet, who await by my nod,  
To kneel in the dust where my footsteps have trod.  
Tho' seen by the world, I am known but to few,  
The Gentile detests me, I'm pork to the Jew.  
I never have passed but one night in the dark,  
And that was with Noah alone in the Ark.  
My weight is three pounds, my length is a mile.  
And when I'm discovered you'll say with a smile,  
My first and my last is the wish of our isle."

—E. W. POWYS.

## A RELIABLE BOOK ON FRUIT FARMING.

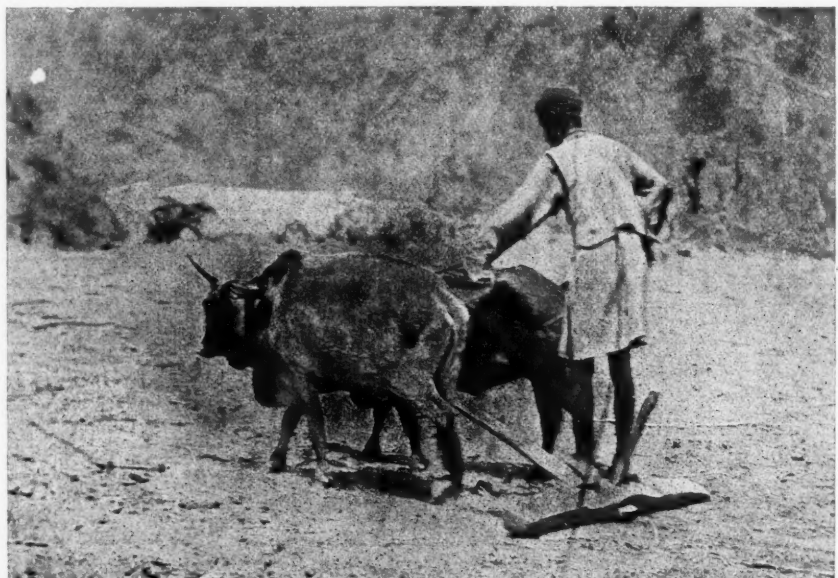
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I ask if any of your readers could kindly furnish me, through your "Correspondence" pages, with the name of a really thoroughly useful book on fruit farming—tree and bush? I have sought in vain for one which is really thorough, practical, and which condescends to even the elementary commonplace—both in cultivation and marketing.—G. C.

## FARMING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In these days of motor tractors and other highly developed methods of agriculture, the accompanying photograph of the primitive means of cultivation still employed in the Himalayas may be of interest.—H. L. W.



PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURE.